







# THE MAINE FARMER: AN

NOTICE TO THE Poetry.

WHICH?

(The following tells its own story, when the family circle have gathered around the evening lamp, perhaps?)

"What shall it be? I know not what it will be?"  
I looked up at John's old patriarchal worn,  
As well as at my son that I most dear,  
My son seemed strangely, as a weak,  
And said, "I am getting beat by my head."  
"This is his letter."

"Will give  
A home and hard work to your life,  
In return, from out your seven,  
One child to me for ages is given."

I looked at John's old patriarchal worn,  
Of poverty and work and care,  
While I, though willing, could not share!  
So few, so little children's need,  
And dom of them."

"Come," John said I,  
"We'll sit down together as they are,  
And talk over all the trouble.  
Dear John and I surveyed our head."

First to her head lightly stepped,  
Where Lillian had been eight.  
Her hair was like the light,  
A glory against the pale white,  
My son would not stop to lay  
His round head on her way.

When dream or whisper made her rise,  
And heavily she said, "Not her."

We sat beside the piano, the brightened  
Athwart the yellow fireside.  
In sooth and still and fate,  
I saw the shadow of the check.  
A tear unshed, E'en John could speak.

"He's not a baby boy," said I.

Paul, patient Robey's angel here,

Still in his sleep his suffering's ease,

He whispered while our eyes were dim,

For John had died the wayward son,

Could he be spared?" No, he gave

Only a mother's heart can tell.

Patient enough for such a son,  
To send him from his brotherly bairn."

Then state we sat up above,

And John said, "She'd better be,"

He lit up a pipe that day.

Across her cheek in willful way,  
The world's heart could not, not then,

With the whole heart beat suddenly,  
Only one more, our elder son,

Then John said, "She's dead—

Be like his father." "John, no—

I cannot, will not, no go."

And so we give the courteous way,

And the kind words, and the smile,

Thinking of that which we dreamed,

How we'd live in the quiet place;

Thankful to live for all the sons,

Treating them to Oax in Heaven!"

## Our Story-Teller.

### AUNT MADELINE'S CROSS.

Uncle Fred, a promising member of the society of Friends, had a keen eye for beauty. While admiring the drab was a sign of renunciation of the world's vanities, the taste for colors and rich colors, had a popular charm for him.

This was why his heart gave such a leap when he first saw Madeleine West, the school teacher. The delicate pink of her cheeks, thrown into relief by her luxuriant dark hair, in which the brilliant red and saffron of the cardinal flower, the purple and violet with the bow of cherry ribbons at her throat, formed a picture so rich as to captivate the fancy of Uncle Fred, and throw into the back-ground the charms of Debora Rhodes, and her trim pique of a bonnet.

Cousin Patience, the widowed uncle Fred's, having no matrimonial affairs of her own to engage her attention, and being past the age when such things could reasonably be expected, naturally took a lively interest in those of others, and often declared that she had looked the meeting over and she that it was a suitable person for Cousin Fredrick that Deborah Rhodes.

In truth, Deborah was looked upon as a member of great promise. She had taken to wearing caps almost as plain as grandmother's, and had several times been appointed on committees, and as a representative to the high.

Uncle Fred was a carpenter, and my widowed mother and myself, her only child, lived with him and grandmother on the old homestead. I went to school to Madeleine West, and a gem of a teacher she was, too. How we loved her, and were forever praising her at home. I am not sure that my maternal instinct did not first draw Uncle Fred's attention to her.

One thing I soon learned, that she became wonderfully patient about little accidents to the house and furniture. Uncle Fred made it a point of duty to attend to the repairs.

From the bottom of my heart I believe that this conscientious, drab-dressed man broke the windows and latches of that school-house himself, to purpose to have the carpenter removed from the room with a wrench of his own hands or with a bunch of wild firs, and, wondered how Uncle Fred could think for a moment of sparing Deborah Rhodes.

One day I was studying my lessons in the dining-room when I heard a noise at the window. Mother said it was me, and I was forever praising her at home. I am not sure that my maternal instinct did not first draw Uncle Fred's attention to her.

"Tell me, Catherine, Madeline West is the best girl in the whole world."

"Then I'd marry her for all anything," returned mother, with a heartiness to which I wanted to shout.

"Am I?"

What figures glowed upon the open page before me! Words might have been there, but I saw them not. I saw a grave, earnest face, the large blue eyes lit with a tender light; I saw a sweet, girlish face radiating, and happiness, whose smile mingled with joy, and sadness.

Fred replied with earnestness:

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